

THE MODELS

Sense of Sight

The sun crawled over the ridge of the canyon flooding the valley below. Early mist, sparkling in the bright sunshine, soon gave way to the wavering shades of green within the surrounding forest and along the grassy meadow. A small stream added its own luster to the beginning of day. As if to greet the sun, a hawk burst from the shadows of the tall pines. The hawk soared up to the crest of the canyon where it hovered to watch the silver trail of water below.

Sense of Hearing

Steps followed me down the darkened street. Heels clicked sharply on the sidewalk and echoed against the tall buildings. A car suddenly screeched around the corner, rumbled past me, and ground to a stop, the motor still growling. Then, after a brief pause, the motor revved, tires screamed, and the car thundered up the darkened street leaving me surrounded by the silence.

Sense of Taste

I bit into a big piece of cake and let the chocolate fudge swim past my teeth and do a breast stroke across my tongue. My taste buds greeted the creamy filling with delight, then begged for more. Another bite and my taste buds squealed like teenage girls at a young boys' rock concert. I stuffed another generous piece of cake past my lips and my taste buds declared they had found chocolate heaven and fudge paradise. I can't wait for the next Poetry and Chocolate Party.

Sense of Touch

I placed my hands on the tree and rubbed them back and forth against the rough bark. The bark scraped and scratched my skin. Pieces of bark pinched and dug into my flesh. Sharp edges ripped at the skin and made my hands tingle from the friction. When I removed my hands, I finally knew how to write a Sense of Touch.

Sense of Smell

The aroma of chopped garlic and onions simmering in olive oil assaults my nostrils. The garlic storms up my nose and takes no prisoners. The onions burn their way inside and show no mercy. Wave after wave of bubbling olive oil opens a wide path through my nasal passages. Then I toss in the tomatoes and for the next three hours my nose surrenders to the spicy delights of spaghetti sauce cooking on the stove.